tropical storms, and Rarahu repeated the songs
and legends of her people.

" In the depths of this gorge the scene was one
of pure enchantment. The most lavish vegeta-
tion grew tangled in the shade, dripping and
revelling in the perpetual deluge ; creepers clung
to the steep black walls and among them grew
tree-ferns, mosses and exquisite varieties of maiden-
hair. The water from above, pulverized to dust
in its fall, came down like a torrent of rain, a rush
of furious dishevelled drops. It collected below,
foaming fiercely in the basins it had hollowed in
the rock smoothed by the patient hand of ages,
and then danced away in a stream again, pursuing
its way under the greenery,

" A fine dust of water hung like a veil over all,
and just overhead appeared the sky as if seen
from the bottom of a well, and the heads of the
cliffs half-hidden in dark clouds,

" What most struck Rarahu was this

perennial
stir in the heart of such utter solitude, this great
noise without life—nothing but inert Nature follow-
ing, during incalculable ages, the impulse given at
the creation/'